

Aftershock

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Aftershock

Simply my speculation.

Very dark.

Enjoy.

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><p>He stared down into the drain as the water turned dark from the dirt and changed red as she scrubbed blood from his body. His ears were ringing, only making out her soothing tone as she seemed to hum while tending his wounds. Her lips quivered from time to time the fresh memories probably attacking her mind. The screams of agony and vivid brutality was imbedded in his mind for the rest of his complicated life.<p>

He knows it's his fault. In the grand scheme of things he's the one to blame. He's the one that's left standing there staring at the tainted water. Him, not Glenn.

The universe found a way to make a perfect circle.

"Hey you. Dumbass."

His words rage through his mind, never pausing. Incessant. Unstopping.

Everything was such a blur. He had lost all sense of how much time had passed sinceâ€|sinceâ€|

His hands begin to shake uncontrollably, guilt , rage and sorrow mix up in a way it feels like he can't breathe. He could feel it, the stench of death had never been more present inside their four walls. It suffocated him, just as it suffocated her.

She takes his hands in hers and lets out a quiet sob she has been holding inside because he knows she feels like she needs to be strong. The ache they both experience is nothing compared to their dear friend Maggie who has lost a part of herself for good.

This is what he got for believing. For believing something better and good could actually come after all of their struggles. It was a smack against the face to come this far and lose someone so important. While on his knees for a split second he had hoped it was over for all of them, at least him. These people were his family. Nobody was supposed to go alone. All of them together until the very end. His sisters, his brothers, his son and his love.

Her grasp is now stronger as she chants his name, but he can't look at her as the water pours over them. Closing his eyes he could almost feel the blood seeping up from the ground to pool at his feet.

His entire body felt beat, he felt beat. In his life he'd never experienced so much pain. And he knew it would only get worse, it would kill him to see his people; their faces crumble, to see them shake with tears. To see the disappointment, to live another day in this misery. The world was at its darkest at the moment.

"Rick, I need you. I need you here, please." Michonne was pleading now, worried out of her mind it felt like her entire body was about to topple over in pain with him.

His gaze comes back up and he squeezes her hands back in return to signal that he never left her.

He still can't get the words out. No amount of words can fix this. Fix them.

"I love you Rick Grimes," She grabbed onto his face with both of her hands, her voice breaking with raw emotion, " We don't die. We'll win."

He doesn't know if he believes her, but watching her, he knows that she does. He doesn't think he's ever seen anyone look as confident and destroyed as she does now, standing small before him. What amazes him most is that he doesn't think she's ever looked more beautiful, despite the tear tracks on her cheeks, the redness around her eyes, the cracked and bloodied lower lips and the blood on her hands- his blood mixed with their dear friends.

When she looked at him, all she saw was love. Pure love for her, complete and utter devotion to her- they'd made it, but it was so bitter sweet.

The pain on her face mirrors what he feels inside, and it kills him to see her this way. Her heart is breaking, she can feel it as it splinters into a million tiny fragments because he is hurt in a way she fears she can't bring him back.

"Hey you. Dumbass."

Rick shakes his head, and lets it all come out,

" I thought I'd lost you," He admitted in a low choked whisper, staring into her eyes, tears threatening to overflow, "Back before-before"

She could feel more tears prickling behind her eyelids and she willed them not to fall but she couldn't help it and a tiny sob tore from her throat.

He cupped her cheek in his palm, his thumb wiping away a tear that had fallen, "You came to me you came to us for a reason You, Carl and Judith- are everything. You are everything Michonne." His hold on her becoming a little tighter, needing to feel her, he paused for a moment, gathering his thoughts and hoping he would be able to continue without choking up, "I love you."

A shiver ran down Michonne's back upon hearing his words. She smiled through the pain allowing herself to feel the moment and kissed him with everything she had left in her. When they finally broke apart, breathless, they let their foreheads touch as they gasped for air. Coming back to reality.

Bandaging his arms around her waist, Rick buried his face in the crook of her neck, "We'll take it back," he whispered.

"We will." Her voice was merely a whisper when she spoke, her hands entwining through his wet hair.

They stood there in each others arms, hoping the water would wash away all of the pain.

End
file.